

Bubble Gum In A Dish

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Summary: A pre-Hogwarts fic. I think this is my best one for a while. It's about Hermione reflecting on the first time that something magical happened... It's really cute!

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A/R: First off, since I don't actually mention it in this fic, I have to explain that Hermione is the one telling the story sometime while she's at Hogwarts. I'm thinking that it would be sometime in her 5th, 6th or 7th year.

This idea had come to me one night when I was having a hard time falling asleep (the best time for getting ideas), as did another idea (all that I'm divulging is the title "Great Minds Think Alike"). I had to jump out of bed to jot the idea down before I forgot it. For once, I really think that I did a good job of executing my idea (though it's a bit short—but short and sweet!). So, sit back, read, and enjoy!

Disclaimer: I don't own Hermione or Hogwarts. J.K. Rowling does.

Bubble Gum In A Dish

The acceptance letter from Hogwarts wasn't really much of a surprise for me. Of course, there was the initial shock, but once the reality set in, the pieces finally fit together and it made sense. I had been doing magical things since I was five years old. I'll always remember that first time—

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I was skipping rope by myself in my backyard. No one was around, so in my loudest singsong voice, I belted out, "Bubble gum, bubble gum in a dish. How many pieces do you wish? One, two, three, four—"

I kept counting, but after I reached eleven, I tripped and fell. Not only did I fall, but I fell flat on my face! That would have been SO embarrassing had I not been by myself.

When I finally picked myself up off the ground, I noticed something odd teetering precariously on the rock I had tripped over. It was a little red dish " filled with bubble gum!

My eyes darted around, looking in the trees, the bushes, and basically anywhere someone could be hiding. I suspected that my neighbor, Alfred, had played this weird joke on me. He was two years older than me and never let me forget it by always bullying me for no good reason. However, after searching my whole yard, I found no trace of him, or anyone else, for that matter.

I walked back to the red dish and eyed it cautiously. I wondered how it got there, and then felt compelled to count the pieces. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven. Eleven! That's where I stopped counting!" I exclaimed aloud.

When you're five years old, you don't think much of odd things like that. It's when you're older that you question it, because you no longer believe that you possess superhuman powers. If the same thing had happened to me when I was ten, I surely wouldn't have stuck that gum in my mouth as I did after I concluded that I was special and could make bubble gum appear just by singing that simple tune.

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Little things like that happened quite a fore more times before I found out why. I always thought nothing of them because they were all just little isolated incidents. They didn't seem to be related to each other at all in any way.

Getting accepted to Hogwarts was the greatest thing to happen to me. It explained all of those odd little things that happened (and made me finally put them together), but more importantly, I was thrilled to be going to a school of a higher level of learning. And I'm still trying to find an easier way to make bubble gum appear.

End
file.